

## HAMLET

HORATIO

O day and night, but this is wondrous strange.

HAMLET

And therefore as a stranger give it welcome:

There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,

Than are dreamt of in your philosophy. But come,

Here as before: never — so help you mercy,

How strange or odd some'er I bear myself

(As I perchance hereafter shall think fit

To put an antic disposition on) —

That you, at such times seeing me never shall,

With arms encumber'd thus, or this headshake,

Or by pronouncing of some doubtful phrase

As 'Well, well, we know,' or 'We could, an if we would,'

Or 'If we list to speak,' or 'There be, an if they might,'

Or such ambiguous giving out, to note

That you know aught of me: This do swear,

So grace and mercy at your most need help you.

## KING CLAUDIUS

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Though yet of Hamlet our dear brother's death  
The memory be green, and that it us befitted  
To bear our hearts in grief, and our whole kingdom  
To be contracted in one brow of woe,  
Yet so far hath reason fought with emotion  
That we with wisest sorrow think on him  
Together with remembrance of ourselves.  
Therefore our sometime sister, now our Queen,  
Th'imperial jointress to this warlike state,  
Have we, as 'twere with a defeated joy,  
With an auspicious and a dropping eye,  
With mirth in funeral and with dirge in marriage,  
In equal scale weighing delight and dole,  
Taken to wife.

## GHOST

GHOST

Now, Hamlet, hear:

'Tis given out that, sleeping in my orchard,  
A serpent stung me. So the whole ear of Denmark  
Is by a forged process of my death  
Rankly abused. But know, thou noble youth,  
The serpent that did sting thy father's life  
Now wears his crown.

HAMLET

O my prophetic soul!  
My uncle!

GHOST

Ay, that incestuous, that adulterate beast,  
With witchcraft of his wit, with traitorous gifts —  
O wicked wit and gifts that have the power  
So to seduce — won to his shameful lust  
The will of my most seeming-virtuous queen.  
O Hamlet, what a falling-off was there!

## QUEEN GERTRUDE

### QUEEN GERTRUDE

There is a willow grows askant a brook  
That shows his hoary leaves in the glassy stream.  
There with fantastic garlands did she come  
Of crowsflowers, nettles, daisies, and long purples.  
There, on the pendent boughs her coronet weeds  
Clambering to hang, an envious sliver broke,  
When down her weedy trophies and herself  
Fell in the weeping brook. Her clothes spread wide  
And mermaid-like awhile they bore her up,  
Which time she chanted snatches of old tunes  
As one incapable of her own distress,  
Or like a creature native and indued  
Unto that element. But long it could not be  
Till that her garments, heavy with their drink,  
Pull'd the poor wretch from her melodious lay  
To muddy death.

## HORATIO

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Hail to your lordship.

HAMLET

I am glad to see you well —  
Horatio, or I do forget myself.

HORATIO

The same, my lord, and your poor servant ever.

HAMLET

Sir, my good friend, I'll change that name with you.  
But what in faith make you from Wittenberg?

HORATIO

A truant disposition, good my lord.

HAMLET

I would not hear your enemy say so.  
I know you are not truant;  
But what is your affair in Elsinore?  
We'll teach you for to drink ere you depart.

HORATIO

My lord, I came to see your father's funeral.

HAMLET

I pray thee do not mock me, fellow-student,  
I think it was to see my mother's wedding.

HORATIO

Indeed, my lord, it follow'd hard upon.

HAMLET

Thrift, thrift, Horatio, the funeral baked meats  
Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables.  
My father, methinks I see my father.

HORATIO

Where, my lord?

HAMLET

In my mind's eye, Horatio.

HORATIO

I saw him once; he was a goodly king.

HAMLET

'A was a man, take him for all in all,  
I shall not look upon his like again.

HORATIO

My lord, I think I saw him yesternight.

HAMLET

Saw, who?

HORATIO

My lord, the king your father.

## LORD POLONIUS

LORD POLONIUS

My liege and madam, to expostulate  
What majesty should be, what duty is,  
Why day is day, night night, and time is time,  
Were nothing but to waste night, day and time;  
Therefore, since brevity is the soul of wit  
And tediousness the limbs and outward flourishes.  
I will be brief; your noble son is mad.  
Mad call I it, for to define true madness,  
What is't but to be nothing else but mad?  
But let that go.

QUEEN GERTRUDE

More matter with less art.

LORD POLONIUS

Madam, I swear I use no art at all.  
That he is mad, 'tis true, 'tis true 'tis pity,  
And pity 'tis 'tis true! And now remains  
That we find out the cause of this effect —  
Or rather say the cause of this defect,  
For this effect defective comes by cause.  
Thus it remains, and the remainder thus. Perpend,  
I have a daughter—have while she is mine—  
Who in her duty and obedience, mark,  
Hath given me this. Now gather, and surmise.

## OPHELIA

OPHELIA

My lord, as I was sewing in my closet  
Lord Hamlet, with his doublet all unbraced,  
Pale as his shirt, his knees knocking each other,  
With a look so piteous on purport  
As if he had been loosed out of hell  
To speak of horrors, he comes before me.

LORD POLONIUS

Mad for thy love?

OPHELIA

My lord, I do not know,  
But truly I do fear it.

LORD POLONIUS

What said he?

OPHELIA

He took me by the wrist and held me hard,  
Then goes he to the length of all his arm  
And, with his other hand thus o'er his brow  
He falls to such perusal of my face  
As 'a would draw it. Long stay'd he so;  
At last, a little shaking of mine arm  
And thrice his head thus waving up and down,  
He raised a sigh so piteous and profound  
As it did seem to shatter all his bulk  
And end his being. That done, he lets me go  
And with his head over his shoulder turn'd  
He seem'd to find his way without his eyes  
(For out o' doors he went without their helps)  
And to the last bended their light on me.

## LAERTES

LAERTES

My necessaries are embarked; farewell.  
And sister, as the winds give benefit  
And convoy is assistant, do not sleep  
But let me hear from you.

OPHELIA

Do you doubt that?

LAERTES

For Hamlet and the trifling of his favour,  
Hold it a fashion and a toy in blood,  
A violet in the youth of primy nature,  
Forward, not permanent, sweet, not lasting,  
The perfume and pastime of a minute,  
No more.

OPHELIA

No more but so.

LAERTES

Think it no more.  
Perhaps he loves you now,  
And now no blemish nor deceit besmirch  
The virtue of his will; but you must fear,  
His greatness weigh'd, his will is not his own.